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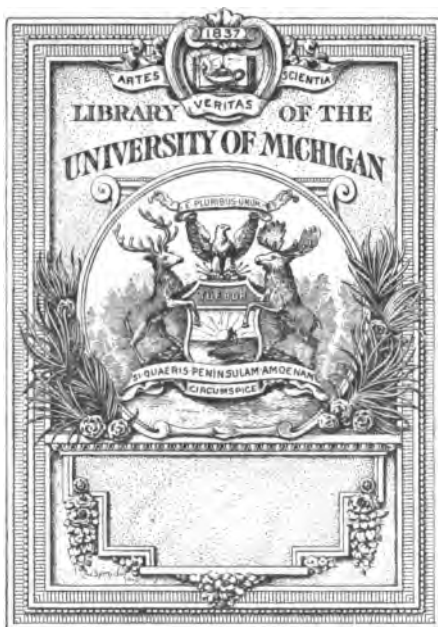
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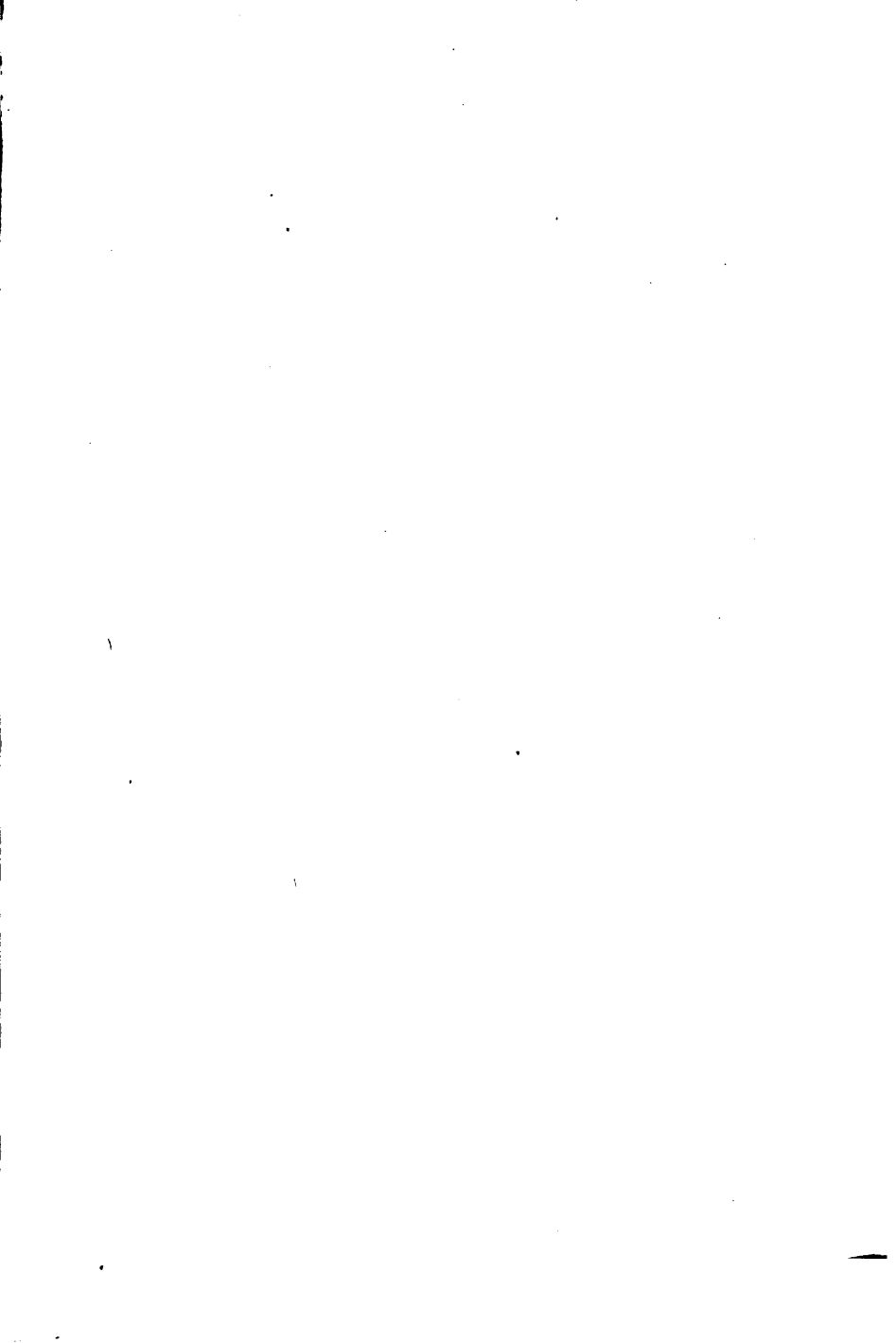


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BLADES AND BLOSSOMS



Blades and Blossoms

BY

RACHEL Q. BUTTZ



BOSTON

RICHARD G. BADGER

THE GORHAM PRESS

1911

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*The blade of grass, the blossom fair,
God's wisdom and his love declare;
And tree and cloud and sunshine sweet,
And every passing breeze, repeat.*

*O child of man! where'er thou art,
Lift up in praise thy grateful heart,
And join with earnest voice, the song
Which rivers, rocks and hills prolong.*



To the friends whose love and sympathy
have been like warm sunshine and gentle show-
ers to my heart, do I dedicate these

BLADES AND BLOSSOMS

R. Q. B.



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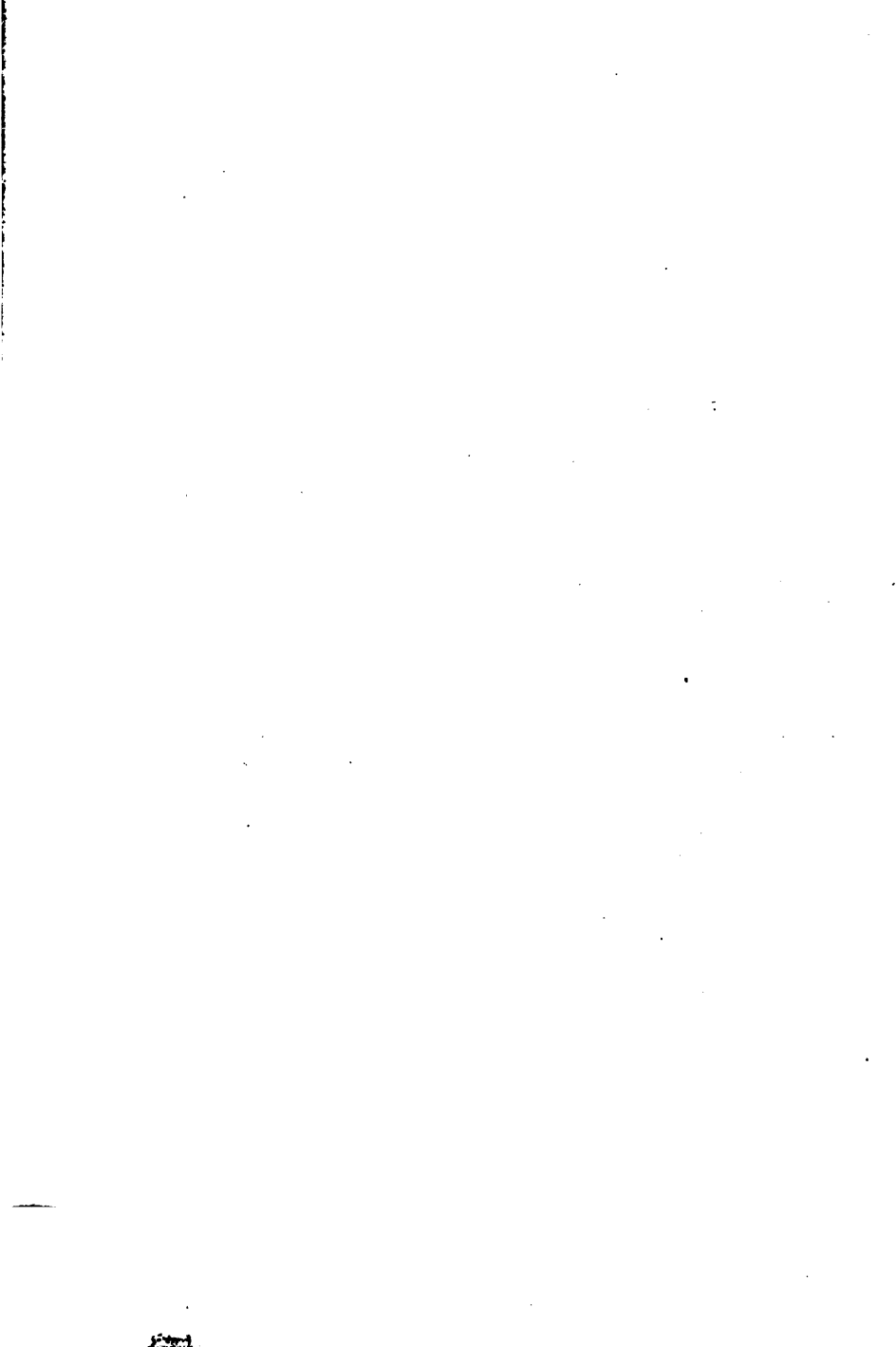
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BLADES AND BLOSSOMS

No garnered grains, no gathered fruits are these,
For, ever as I place the treasures I
Have gleaned, before my friends, they lose their
charm,

Instead of golden grain, some russet blades
I've brought. Instead of luscious fruit, some sprays
Of bloom. Yet, in the thought that things like
these

Are not in vain, I find a solace sweet.

Because the turf on which we tread, can yield
No harvest of ripe grain, shall it not catch
The dewdrops, and reflect the glory of
The morning sun? Because the wild flower of
The woods can bear no fruit, shall it not lift
Its face of modest beauty, and fling forth
Its sweets to cheer the passer-by?

E'en blades

Of grass, or just the fragrance of a flower
May change the tenor of a human life
And turn the weary wanderer back from paths
Of sin, to seek his Father's house. If some
Sweet message, or some cheering thought shall twine
Among these Blades and Blossoms, bringing joy
To weary hearts, or comfort to sad homes,
'Tis all she asks, whose hands have brought them
fresh

From woods and fields.

SPRINGTIME

Sweet spring has come to my heart again;
It thrills and glows as it used to when
I gathered spring-beauties in yonder glen.

The air is full of songs I love;
Of meadow-lark and turtle-dove,
And robin—in the trees above.

I listen, and my lips are gay,
The wintry clouds all roll away—
And leave me free, as a child at play.

The woods and fields I wander through
In search of flowers, pink and blue,
And my heart is filled with hope anew.

In the deepening green of the springing grass
Which brightens the wayside as I pass,
I see the summer, as in a glass.

Beyond the winter, cold and drear,
Are buds and bloom 'neath skies so clear
To welcome bright-eyed springtime here.

And so, beyond this "vale of tears",
Beyond these dark and changeful years,
An everlasting spring appears.

WILD FLOWERS

Dear wildwood flowers!
To us ye bring,
'Twixt sun and showers
Of gentle spring,
A message sweet
From the world above,—
That world replete
With light and love.

Ye speak of beauty
Brighter far—
As the sun is brighter
Than moon, or star—
Of fragrance sweeter
Than yours, ye sing,
In a land where joys
Immortal spring.

Prophets are ye
Of the glad surprise
The just shall see,
When from death they rise;—
Of the better life
Which cometh sure;
Beyond this strife—
If we endure.

As ye lift each dawn
Your tiny forms,
And still bloom on
Through sun and storms;
Teachers are ye
In your leafy dell,
O beautiful wildings!
We love you well.

WHITE CLOVER BLOSSOMS

In happy days of childhood, ere my eyes
Had aught beheld save visions bright and good,
White clover blossoms were, to me, the best,
The sweetest, too, and fairest far of all
The lovely flowers that bathed their faces in
The morning dew, and dried them in the sun.
I gayly plucked them from the fragrant fields
And wove them into garlands sweet for those
I loved, or grouped in sturdy nosegays and
With eager hands, adorned my play-house walls;
While we together listened to the shrill
"Bob White!" which came in notes so clear across
The neighboring fields.

Those blossoms white bedecked
My path through all my early days, and filled
My heart with happy hopes of better things
To come. Now, years have stretched between those
days

And these; still, sight or smell of bloom like theirs,
Suggests the time of youth, and hope, and love.

Oft when I've journeyed far from home, I've seen
Them nestling 'mong the weeds that fringed the
road,

And instantly my heart has turned to scenes
Where smiled their kindred blossoms long before.
Each snowy head contains a poem quaint,
That "he who runs may read", and, read aright,
'Twill lead in higher paths than he has trod.

Ne'er shall I cease to love and laud these friends
Of youth. In multitudes, I've seen them sit
Upon the grass and mutely praise the name
Of Him who makes the lilies fair, and clothes
The grasses of the fields. Oft too, I've thought

That once while night's fair Queen in solemn state
And silvery beauty sailed through realms of blue,
These from her misty train were lost, and they
Have floated down to rest on grassy beds,
And cheer us with the thought that on this earth
There's something fair and good.

A FLOATING BLADE

September winds blow gently through the corn,
Whose russet blades sway softly, to and fro,
With cheerful murmur, as of music low;
One trembling blade is loosened from the stalk
And upward, onward borne by buoyant breeze
Till, lost to sight, it floats among the trees,
And leaves behind its fellows of the field.

Thus, gentle breezes in a human life
Have filled a soul with aspirations high
Till it has longed to leave the known and nigh,
And soar aloft to regions far beyond.
Its dreams were bright and full of hope; well
fraught
With love, and power and joy, of lofty thought,
Yet leaving all its comrades far behind.

The floating blade of corn shall yet return
To join its kindred and enrich the soil
Where corn again shall give reward to toil
(For they who work, shall have their harvest-time).
The floating blade fell low, but it shall rise
In growth and verdure, reaching toward the skies,
With all its fellow-workers of the field.

Return, O soul, unto your own, and live
The poems sweet no earthly power can pen;
So, shall you help and bless your fellow-men,
And they shall be your comrades on the way—
For you and they together shall arise
And see the vision through the opening skies—
Where one whose name is Love, shall bid you:
"Come".

A PRAYER

Thy help, O Father, I beseech,
Thy blessing too, I pray;
For thee, my feeble hands I reach—
Oh! lead me in thy way.

Thy constant blessings crowd my path,
While I, ungrateful, dare
Complain so often of thy wrath,
And slight thy tender care.

Oh! teach me how to do thy will,
Submissive make my own;
With thoughts of thee, my heart to fill,
And thanks for mercies shown.

Then shall I e'er contented be,
And welcome all events;
Because, in each, by faith I see
A loving providence.

MY CASTLE

In days gone by, when I was young,
I dwelt in a castle fine—
Those days on golden threads are strung,
Like jewels from the mine.

My father, lord of the castle stood;
My mother, the lady fair,
So wise and true, and pure and good,—
A really royal pair.

My brothers, quite varied in age and size,
Each a knight of some degree;
And my sister, so wonderful in my eyes—
A princess, she seemed to me.

And I was the baby in that fine place,
They called me "Little Queen",
And smiled at my wondering childish face,
As I questioned what they could mean.

MY MOTHER

I would paint with an artist's grace,
Had I the power rare,
My mother's beautiful, gentle face,
With its halo of silver hair.

Her cheeks had a roseate glow,
Her eyes were heavenly blue,
And her mouth, with its tender smile below,
Was firm, and sweet, and true.

When I sat in my favorite place
On a stool at her dear feet,
I found in her sympathetic face
That love had made so sweet;

An inspiration strong
For the holy, true and high—
Grand deeds that to the brave belong,
And time and death defy.

For the love that glowed within
That pair of earnest eyes,
Oft kept me away from the paths of sin,
And led me toward the skies.

And her hands that smoothed my hair
With their soft and sweet caress,
Left always the boon of a blessing there—
Those hands were born to bless.

Oh! she was the dearest friend
That my happy childhood knew—
The best that a Gracious Heaven could send,
For her heart was always true.

UNCLE BILLY'S

When we were children and used to ride
With parents along the country-side
To visit aunts, uncles and cousins gay,
Who lived from our home some miles away,
Of all the places under the sun
We had the most and the best of fun
At Uncle Billy's.

A neat white farm-house under the trees,
Where a low, wide porch caught the sweet south
breeze,

And made it a pleasant place to stay
On the afternoon of a summer day;
An old-fashioned sitting-room, clean and sweet,
Re-echoed the patter of many feet
At Uncle Billy's.

But, oh! in the kitchen, large and square,
What cakes, pies, pickles and jellies rare,
Were made by Aunt Elsie's skillful hands
To gratify constant and keen demands
Of the children who played, and laughed, and cried
In the dear old yard, so green and wide
At Uncle Billy's.

Then, there was the orchard; where pears and
plums,
And apples and peaches 'twixt fingers and thumbs
Were held so tight that the rich juice dripped
From hands and mouths, as we munched and sipped
The luscious fruit, and I never knew
Such royal clusters of grapes as grew
At Uncle Billy's.

Sweet Johnny-jump-ups, in early spring
That open their eyes when the first birds sing,
Grew just inside of the garden gate;
And all sorts of good things, early and late,
Were 'ranged in rows by the paths that led
To the edge of that wonderful melon-bed
At Uncle Billy's.

The years have come, and the years have gone,
They have left their impressions plain upon
Each rosy daughter and stalwart son;

They have married, and gone away, one by one,
Until all of them now have homes of their own
And have left the old folks all alone
At Uncle Billy's.

But still, in their happy, hale old days,
They walk together in chosen ways;
Together, they plant their early seeds,
And he hoes the garden, free from weeds,
While she, the flowers around the door,
Keeps fresh and blooming, as of yore
At Uncle Billy's.

A few more years, and the snowy locks
Of his head bow low as he tends his flocks;
Now, too, he leans heavily on his staff,
While she is not as strong by half
As she was a very few years ago,
Attending her duties, to and fro,
At Uncle Billy's.

They cheer each other with feeble smile,
And say: "'Tis only a little while
Till the dear old home to strange hands must go,
And no more our loving care shall know;
But we shall find those mansions fair
Which Jesus said: 'I will prepare'"—
For Uncle Billy's.

IN THE WOODS

Within the grand old woods, I sit and dream
Of days that grace the past, and those that stand
In shining rows along my future way.
The past, as viewed through Memory's magic glass,
So glorious seems, and bright! E'en cares and
griefs

Are tinted with the rose's hue—and oft
We say: "How passing good the dear old times!"
Oh! could we learn from this to love our joys
While *here*, to look more brightly on our cares,
And thus appreciate the present good,
'Twere well for us!

Just now the blessings which
Surround, are past my ken—beyond my thanks.
A mock-bird swings the bough above my head,
And warbles sweetly to his quiet mate.
Quails whistle gayly 'mong the bushes near;
And from afar the thrilling answer comes,
While saucy squirrels leap from branch to branch
And chatter of the nuts they put in store.
A cow-bell tinkles softly, far away,
And, wandering off across the fallow fields,
My eyes, at length, rest on a grove of trees
Where water flows. I see the patient kine
As, standing in the running stream they graze
The banks, or bow their heads for cooling drink.

Now, while enjoying nature's influence sweet,
I pray that He who spreads such beauty 'round
My way, will help me praise his name in song.
Fain would I have my future full of work,
Which shall not fail of doing good to those
Who share this life with me, or those who'll walk
Its checkered paths when I am gone.

AT MOONRISE

O yellow moon!
One lovely June,
I saw thee rise
In cloudless skies,
A charm hath cast
On all the past.

With smile and song,
Life flowed along
In pleasant rhyme,
That summer-time;
And, day by day,
My heart was gay.

But oh! since then,
Time and again,
A dirge I've sung;
Sad chimes have rung,
And sorrow's dart
Hath pierced my heart.

Yet looking back
Along life's track,
O yellow moon!
That lovely June
Its radiance throws
O'er all my woes.

THE LITTLE HOP-GATHERERS

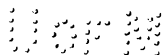
Two little girls, one sunny day,
Were called by "Mother" in from play.
She said to them, with winning smile:
"Now, children, leave your play awhile,
And pick the hops from the loaded vine,
That have ripened so fast in the bright sunshine.
If you pick them all, and do it well,
One half of the hops, you may have to sell."

Thus speaks the mother, true and kind,
And the little girls are glad to mind.
Quite willingly to work they go,
Not stopping till the sun is low.—
Through twilight hour, they then count o'er
What they shall buy with their small store
Of gold-brown hops, which they will sell
To some one who shall pay them well.

In village near a wise M. D.
Who uses "hops and such" for tea,
Sends word that he will take them all,
And "pay the cash—sometime this fall;
For little girls, so diligent,
Deserve all due encouragement;
Thirty cents each, you shall receive"—
And they, with childish hearts believe.

But autumn passed, and winter too;
And when the spring was nearly through,
Those maidens small began to feel
That Dr. R—— would almost steal.
A friend, in pity, asked the pay,
To whom the doctor answered: "Nay,
I'll never pay a single mite—
Though you should urge it day and night."

When this was told the little girls,
In righteous wrath, they shook their curls.
They thought no one could be so mean—
For vengeance, their desires are keen.
But "mother" soothes their angry grief,
And gives, somewhat, to their relief,
Rewards which reach far in excess,
Yet, indignation's none the less.



Though many years have come and gone,
While joy and sorrow still live on,
Those hops will e'er remembered be
With sadness, while the poor M. D.
Receives their pity for the trick
Which stung them sorely—to the quick.—
But still they pray: "May God forgive
And let the erring doctor live!"

And now, my friends, serene and bland,
You certainly will understand—
These verses, written plain and true,
Are meant no more for him, than you:
Children have rights, as well as men,
And, if you trample on them, then
For the unkindness you have shown—
You'll surely "reap as you have sown".

IMMORTELLES

The summer's fair, sweet flowers are gone,
The summer birds have fled,
And summer hopes, grown pale and wan,
'Mid autumn leaves, lie dead.
With eager hands, I plucked the flowers,
And laughed in childish glee
While tripping through the leafy bowers
That summer made for me.

I joined the birds in happy strains
I sang with trembling lips,
The life-blood rushing through my veins,
Dyed e'en my finger-tips.
It dyed them deep with rosy red,
It set my cheeks aglow,
Wherever friends or fancy led,
Most gayly, did I go.

But summer, bright with sun and bloom,
Can not forever last,
The flowers must yield to winter's gloom,
Our sweetest joys go past.
Buds oft are nipped by blighting frost,
And chilling winds oft blow,
Hopes that we prize, will soon be lost,
Our friends lie 'neath the snow.

And do no flowers immortal blow?
Possessed of perfume rare?
Ah! yes, within our hearts may grow
By patient, loving care;
Blossoms, whose colors never fade,
Whose fragrance never dies,
By whose sweet growth within, we're made
Fit dwellers for the skies.

The sweetest flowers on earth, are those
That grow among the tares,
That softly shelter human woes
And sweeten human cares;
That o'er mistakes their fragrance fling,
And clad in beauty bright,
Whose swaying petals sweetly sing:
"At eve it shall be light".

AUTUMN LEAVES

Bright autumn leaves! above my head
So slowly, softly waving;
The light of other days, ye shed—
My soul with memories laving.
Ye take me back through springtimes sweet
Into glad summers growing,
Through autumn days, so fair and fleet,
And winter's—swiftly going.

Oh, wafted back with autumn leaves,
Those childhood days seem golden;
A mystic girdle memory weaves
Around our homestead olden.
While softly now I tread the past,
And dream of days long faded,
Glad, glorious days—too bright to last—
For none were darkly shaded.

Within a school-house, old and brown,
Ambition's flame was lighted;
I conned my lessons, up and down,
With sober face recited.
When playtime came, on grounds so wide
In woodland sweet and grassy,
I gayly gamboled, side by side,
With many a lad and lassie.

But lads and lassies now are gone,
By death or distance parted;
As memory through the past strays on,
Full many a tear is started.
For nevermore on playground green
Shall we all meet together,
When days are bright with golden sheen
Of autumn's gorgeous weather.

O many-colored autumn leaves!
Ye deck this world of ours
With beauty bright, while memory weaves
A garland of spring flowers.
And autumn leaves in colors gay,
Repeat the same sweet story;
For prophets of the spring are they,
And resurrection glory.

WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Just afternoon one bright October day,
A maiden blithe of heart and swift of step
Came forth from her sweet country home. She
 paused

Awhile where late autumnal flowers glowed
In mellow sunshine. Carefully she plucked
A spray of white chrysanthemums. She held
Them up admiringly, then laid their soft
White petals 'gainst her cheek and gazed far off
Among the gorgeous trees. She seemed a part
Of this bright day. But life, for her was in
Its joyous springtime. Care or sorrow ne'er
Had dimmed her heart or face. Hope glowed with-

 in,
And smiles without, as quickly bounding down
The path, she went to join her comrades whose
Glad voices filled the air, and echoed through
The woods in shout and song. Less patient than
The rest, a youth came forth to meet her. With
A smile and word of greeting, she would fain
Have hurried on, but he with gentle voice
Detained her, and requested some small sign
Of her regard. Half-vexed with such concern;
She gayly tossed the spray of snowy flowers
Into his out-stretched hand. "Chrysanthemums,
So beautiful, but bitter sweet", he said:
"Are they prophetic of your love for me?"

E'en thus it proved. For months went by, and to
The maiden brought new scenes, new friends, new
 needs,
New hopes and joys, and in the course of time,
A lover—whom she knew had filled her heart.

No need of vain regret for him who wore
The spray of bitter sweet chrysanthemums;—
For he, too, found a heart responsive to
His own; and so the spray of snow-white flowers
But decks the grave of youthful dreams.

LOVERS

Never before
On sea or shore,
Was love of two
So deep, so true,
So passing sweet,
So full, complete,
Or so divine—
As yours and mine.

If we could say
Why the tender lay
Of the matin bird
Is ever heard
To greet the sun
When day's begun—

Or, could we ask
The flowers that bask
In the sunshine soft,
Why they so oft
Let the gentle breeze
Their fragrance seize—

Then could we tell
Why love doth dwell
In the hearts of two—
So deep! so true!

Ah well! Ah well!
Can anyone tell
Why sweetness grows
In the heart of a rose?
Can we read aright,
By human sight,
All nature's ways
Through nights and days?

For this in vain
Does knowledge gain
Her lofty steep;
Still, still there sleeps
A secret sweet
In the deep heart-beat
Of nature's breast—
Which none have guessed!

So, you and I
Can not tell why
Our hearts unite
In love's delight,
Or wherefore this
Exceeding bliss!

FIRESIDE FANCIES

On a winter night, in a little chair—
A dainty chair of blue;
Where the firelight danced in her curly hair,
Sat a little girl I knew.

She wished to be good, and true and wise,—
As she looked with steady gaze
Into the fire, her dreamy eyes
Caught a glow from the ruddy blaze.

A vision she saw in those glowing coals,
A lesson she read in the flame.—
How she longed to lead others to higher goals,
And win for herself a name!

A name that should glow when she was gone,
In letters of living fire!
Teaching the young while time moves on
To nobly and grandly aspire!

Time has left his mark on cheek and brow,
And the hair with silver gleams;
For the little girl is a woman now,
And she smiles on those vanished dreams.

Yet, ever before her are flickering lights
Far out on the surging main,
And ever beyond—are the lofty heights
That her feet would gladly gain.

A WINTER THOUGHT

Thou little spray of summer leaves
Still lingering on the bough;
Thy mates, the mother earth receives,
Alone, why tarriest thou?

The gay and the somber, one by one,
The yellow leaves and brown—
When nipped by the frost, and kissed by the sun,
Came gently floating down.

But thou canst bear the Frost King's breath,
And the passionate smile of day;
Unhurt by the messenger of death,
Unscathed by the sun's bright ray.

There are some who can brave the winter's storm,
And laugh at summer's heat;
By the glow of an inward fire kept warm,
In the strength of their souls, complete.

Oh! such an one I fain would be,
Unheeding sun or storm;
By the truth of God, my soul made free,
By the Spirit's fire kept warm.

PEACE

O blessed Peace! Thou messenger from yon
Bright world where angels dwell! Thou gift of
gifts!

From Him who more delights to give good things
To those who ask, than we with willing feet,
And careful hands and loving hearts, prepare
Life's comforts for our children dear! Naught else
Is there on earth so sweet as Peace. No gift
Has e'er excelled it—save the gift of God's
Beloved Son, and this through him, is ours.

E'er since our parents from the garden bright
Were driven, no sweet, enduring peace had filled
The souls of men. True, some had known the Lord,
And walked in his commands, and they were blest.
But multitudes of Israel's chosen race
Who heard the awful voice 'mid thunders loud,
On Sinai's smoking mount, or saw the face
Of Moses shine when he had talked with God,
Knew not the Lord, save by these tokens dread.
No deep, abiding faith had they, no sure
And steadfast love. E'en after paths made plain,
And blessings oft bestowed, they knew him not,
As Friend and Father of our fallen race.

To them, a God of terror and of might!
His judgments right, but hard to bear, his home
Among thick clouds, his mercy only reached
By smoke from altar fires. They little dreamed
That "God so loved the world", that he in time,
Would give his own beloved Son to save
The souls of men from sin, and shame, and death.
Before he came and poured his love like balm
On wounded hearts, how drear was earth! and peace
Was but a name.

But lo! an era dawns!
An era bright with smiles from God, of love
To men. While shepherds watched their flocks by
night,
The heavenly host proclaimed in accents loud
And clear, that blessed "Peace on earth. Good-will
To men"—which since has sweetly rung through all
The years; and filled sad hearts with thankful joy.
Our Savior came "to preach the gospel to
The poor, to heal the broken-hearted, and
To set at liberty the captives", so
His words brought peace, and by their influence
sweet,
The storm was calmed; the body, racked with pain
Was cured; the aching heart was set at rest.

Anon, the dark, dread hour came on when he
Must die! To those beloved, how tenderly
He bade farewell! How sweetly said: "Let not
Your heart be troubled, nor afraid. Peace leave
I with you, and my peace I give to you—
Yet not as gifts this world bestows." For earth's
Best gifts must perish with their use, or be
Destroyed by moth and rust, or cease with time.
But peace, our Savior's gift, will last through time
And all eternity.

As if its full
And deep significance his friends had not
Yet known, he greets them: "Peace be unto you."
When first he comes into their midst and shows
His hands and side—his resurrection past,
That they and we, believing, might have life
Through him. Again, and oft, he greets them thus,
And when the cloud receives him out of sight,
He leaves sweet peace for all who trust his name.

How blest are we who know the Father-heart
Of God, and rest therein! All care, and grief
And tears, each sorrow of our common lot,
E'en death itself can well be borne, if we
But have God's peace within the soul.

A NEW YEAR'S LESSON

With ringing steps, a tyro takes his place
Upon the threshold of a world grown old
In seeing years begin with smiling face,
And end, in tears of agony untold.

But knowing naught of those who've gone before,
Not dreaming that defeat could him attend,
He lists to Hope, whose sweet, delusive lore
Now bids him to her sunny realm ascend.

Unquestioning, he obeys, and soars above
The things which make our earth a field of toil.
He hopes for happiness, he dreams of love,—
Expecting harvests rich, yet never tills the soil.

But when the end doth come, as soon it will,
He finds his bright anticipations vain,—
Not to the future bound by Hope's sweet skill,
But to a checkered past, by Memory's chain.

ONLY A MEMORY

Only a memory now are the days
Remorseless Time aside hath cast,
Only a memory! still do we gaze
With delight on the glad and golden past.
And our hope grows brighter, our faith grows
strong
When we pause and listen to Memory's song.

Only a memory now are the words
Of some who graced those gladsome hours,
Their voices we hear like distant birds
That flit through the world 'twixt thorns and
flowers—
For a life that to us all sunshine appears
May be watered oft by secret tears.

Only a memory now are the forms
Of others we loved in days gone by,—
And 'twas hard to look through the blinding
storms,
Up to the beautiful sun-lit sky.
Our hearts are heavy, and tears begem
Our wistful eyes, when we think of them.

Of those we loved, still some remain—
A cherished, a noble, a faithful few!
On friendship's record, they've left no stain,
Though near or far, they're staunch and true.
Ah! such are the friends who make life dear;
Their love through gloom and doubt will cheer.

Still we pause sometimes on our pilgrim way
To list to the song that Memory sings,
And our hearts are blessed for many a day
By the peace and grateful content it brings—
A thankful joy that the good or the ill,
Can only Our Father's plans fulfill.

A DAYDREAM

Under the shifting shadows
One summer afternoon,
Gazing into the tree-tops—
In the leafy month of June,

Sat a thoughtful little maiden
With a book upon her knee;
But her eyes, so full of wonder
Its pages did not see.

For tales of a fairy enchanter
Who carried a magic wand,
Had kindled her youthful fancy
Until by a wave of the hand—

Life, and the smiling landscape
Both very unreal seemed;
And 'neath the blue arch of heaven,
With half-closed eyes, she dreamed.

She watched the snowy cloudlets
Above the tree-tops high,
Chasing each other swiftly
Across the solemn sky;

A tiny one selected
When it first came into view,
A small white speck in the heavens—
To watch its journey through.

On, on—so fast—but gently—
Increasing in size, it came,
Until girlish imagination
Had given it many a name.

It became a majestic mountain
Where a splendid castle stood,
Whose owner, and only dweller
Was the little girl of the wood.

She sat by the side of a window,
Looking down on the world, so still;
'Twas a beautiful panorama—
She wished she could have her will,

And she'd stay in the wonderful castle,
Those magnificent halls of light!—
But swiftly her palace changed to a ship
With sails of purest white.

And the little girl, delighted,
Was sailing the wide world o'er,
On, on, in that mighty ocean of blue
With the dim, horizon shore!

Soon, the meadows of Merry England
Beneath her were fresh and green,
For hers was a trackless voyage
O'er many a changing scene!

Then, floating gayly onward
Without a backward glance,
She beheld luxurious Paris
In the sunny land of France.

Still merrily, merrily going
O'er hill, and river, and plain—
Gazing down on the ancient Alhambra
'Mid the mountains of lovely Spain.

Far higher than turreted castle
Her ship in the air would rise!
Over rugged peaks of Switzerland,
'Neath Italy's glowing skies!

But while peering into the distance
And straining her eyes to see
Into the great hereafter—
She woke—by the maple tree.

Where, in a delightful slumber
Lasting an hour or more,
A vivid imagination
Had repeated her day-dreams o'er.

Spoke the maiden very wisely,
With a glance at the clouds, so high;
"Alas! for beautiful day-dreams!
They're fragile as mists of the sky."

QUERIES

Dreamer, dreaming of the past!
What dost see in life's back rooms?
Rubbish, thou aside hast cast?
Letters old? and apple blooms?
Faded flowers and leaflets dry?
Knots of ribbon? locks of hair?
Broken hopes? a smothered sigh?
These, and more, are scattered there.

Books unread, those studied o'er
Too often e'er to be forgot;
Songs once sung, now sung no more,
Loves that ne'er could die—'twas thought.
Deeds that caused thee bitter pain,
Follies, spoiling many a day,—
Couldst thou live it o'er again.
Would life be more brave, or gay?

Dreamer,—from thy follies turned—
Dost thou now the evil shun?
Hast thou, from experience learned
What is worthy to be won?
Then, indeed, the days gone by
Vain and useless have not been;
If, with honest heart, you try,
Failure cannot be a sin.

God has promised help to those
Who themselves will try to aid;
Cast on him, thy cares and woes,
Trust him, and be not afraid.
Storms must come to all below,
But if thou the right wilt do,
Harmless, shall the tempest blow,
God will guide thee safely through.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF SUFFERING

O sorely tried and troubled one!
With anxious fears distressed;
Go, cast thy grief on God's dear Son,
And he will give thee rest.

He trod the paths thy feet do tread,
Bore sorrows like thine own,
His soul was filled with awful dread
By all but him, unknown.

So, "touched with thy infirmities",
He well can give thee aid;
In danger, or in darkness then—
Faint not, nor be afraid.

Dost have thy sad Gethsemane
Whence issue sobs and moans?
Remember Christ in agony—
His sweat, and tears, and groans.

And say like him: This cup of gall
O Father would I shun—
But, if thou bid'st—I'll drink it all,
And pray: "Thy will be done".

Then, though thine eyes drop many a tear,
Let this, thy soul sustain;
That "they who suffer with him here,
With him above shall reign".

BEAUTIFUL HILLS OF THE BLEST

O beautiful hills of the blest!
I wonder how far away
Beyond the clouds in the glowing west,
Or the amber gates of day—

Ye lift your radiant tops
Above this world of sins?—
Where the fading sight of mortal stops,
And heavenly light begins?

Between us the "river of death"
Which seemeth deep and wide;
But soon, on the mystic bridge of a breath,
I shall cross to the other side.

Then, "seeing as I am seen"
In that land where the weary rest,
I shall walk with saints o'er the fadeless green
On the beautiful hills of the blest.

"WEEPING AT NIGHT, JOY IN THE MORNING"

One night, a light burned dimly in the room
Where sat a woman lost in thought. She bowed
Her head against the window-pane, and peered
Out into darkness. Clouds o'ercast the sky,
'Neath which dark forests stood unmoved by e'en!
The faintest rustle of a breeze. She said
Aloud: "I better understand the heart
Of nature than I do my own. This calm,
I think portends a storm without; but what
Can mean the doubt and dark uncertainty
Through which I heaven-ward strain my eyes

For clearer light? Oh! I would stand erect
Without support of any save my Lord,
My loving, sympathetic Lord. Thou art
Enough. My all-sufficient help in need;
I have thy promise, and my soul shall trust,
E'en though my eyes with tears are blind. I'll walk
By faith in thee, though every earthly prop
Should fail, and I'm bereft of all the friends
That make life beautiful and sweet."

At length,
Worn out by weariness of woe, she sought
Her couch and slept, unconscious of the change
Without. A soft wind blows. Now somber clouds
Which seemed immovable, are hastening on
To greet the coming day. Anon, they part
To let the sunshine through. One gentle beam
Awakes the sleeper. Like a ray of hope
It seems; and she, with heart uplifted, says:
"O clouds whose gilded borders peeping out
Beneath your soft gray folds to show that ye
Are lined with gold; are ye the symbols of
The dusky clouds which have o'erhung my life?
Do they indeed have golden linings? And
On some glad day shall sunshine from above
Reveal their bright and beauteous tints? Last night,
The frowning clouds foreboded storms, but now
They smilingly disperse before the sun.
So I must look henceforth beyond the clouds
To see the 'Sun of Righteousness arise
With healing in his wings.'"

LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS

So wearily and drearily
Fell the rain that autumn day,
As one by one my hopes went down—
Till the twilight, cold and gray,
Closed in upon an anxious mind,
And a sorely troubled heart,
A will that was wholly unresigned,
And fears that would not depart.

The sky was dark above my head,
And the bitter words of prayer
That heart and lips alike had said,
Could find no entrance there;
For I did murmur and complain—
I could not understand
Why, long and heavily had lain
On me the Chastening Hand.

But turning to the Book, I read
Of God's beloved Son—
"Perfect through suffering", it said—
I said: "Thy will be done".
Then a flood of glory filled my soul,
Though the rain still dripped from the eaves
On the drooping heads of chrysanthemums,
And the apple-tree's faded leaves.

MY NEED

I need thee, Lord, at early dawn,
Ere from repose I rise—
Before the morning light has drawn
The curtains off my eyes.

I need thee, Lord, when tiresome toil
Employs my hand and brain,
I need thee through the day's turmoil—
Its pleasure, and its pain.

And when my weary form I lay
Upon my couch to sleep,
I need thee, Lord, and humbly pray
That thou wilt bless and keep.

If I am thrilled with deep delight,
Or tossed on sorrow's sea,
I need thee, Lord, for day and night,
My soul's great need is thee.

A MOTHER'S LOVE SONG

O'er and o'er love's sweetest story
I will sing—so soft and low—
Sweetly sing to you, my baby,
Ere to slumberland you go.

'Tis a sweet and blessed pleasure
Thus to hold you to my heart,
With a love that knows no measure,
And which never shall depart.

Nothing that may come hereafter
E'er can chill the mother-love—
Sweetest gift this side of Heaven—
Close akin to that above.

For with all things true and holy,
With the beautiful and pure,
Mother-love is sweetly blended,
And shall evermore endure.

TO MABEL .

Ten years ago to-day, my child,
Your eyes first looked in mine
And, as they looked, you sweetly smiled—
That smile, I thought divine.

I fancied, as you journeyed through
'Twixt Paradise and here,
Your eyes had caught that wondrous blue
We see when skies are clear.

To cheeks and lips Aurora lent
Her colors, rich and rare,
The King of Day, a sunbeam sent
To brighten your soft hair.

Quite sure was I that none could find
Your equal on the earth—
'Twas marvelous that human-kind
To such as you gave birth!

But as through childhood's trying years
I teach you "line on line",
Quite plainly now this truth appears—
That you are not divine.

With mother-love no longer blind,
My watchful eyes can see
That like the rest of human-kind,
From faults, you are not free.

But, precious child, there's help in One
Who "tried like us" hath been—
"The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son,
Will cleanse us from all sin".

MOTHER'S WISHES

I wish, dear child, you may have the best
Of all the sweet blessings, from east to west;
That many rare treasures your youth may adorn,
And many sweet smiles greet your life's fair morn.

I wish that your griefs and your foes may be few
And wish that your friends may always prove true;
I wish for your noonday the sun's sweet light,
And wish for you always, the dearest delight.

I'd wish you a life by years made long
And sing that wish in a poet's song—
But my eyes are holden—I cannot see—
I know not, my child, what is best for thee.

So I leave your future in God's dear hand
To guide you safe to the better land—
Where the joy and the sorrow, the pleasure and
pain,
In the beautiful "sometime" shall be made plain.

A SCORE OF YEARS

Twenty years ago to-day
In the merry month of May,
You and I were young and gay.

At the altar, side by side,
You the groom, and I, the bride—
Thrilled our hearts with loving pride,

As we said the words that never
Should allow our lives to sever;
But united them forever.

On that lovedy day in spring,
While our hearts did laugh and sing,
Feared we naught that life should bring.

Neither, at the time cared whether
We had bright or stormy weather,
So we shared the days together.

We have shared them—twenty years!
We have had our hopes and fears,
We have had our smiles and tears.

Twenty years of light and gloom,
Twenty years of blight and bloom,
Twenty years of life and tomb.

But our love has not grown cold,
And our hearts have not grown old,
Through these changes manifold.

And our faith in God grows bright,
As we walk by it, not sight,
Towards the home of heavenly light.

Shall we on this earthly shore,
Live to see another score
Of years like those that passed before?

Twenty years, or not one year
It matters not to us, my dear,
If we can "read our title clear

To the mansions in the skies,"
That our glad immortal eyes
Shall behold with sweet surprise.

WAYSIDE ROSES

Some beautiful, blushing roses
Not far from the wayside grew
In a field of fragrant clover—
All wet with morning dew.
In the breeze they gayly nodded:
"Good morning", they seemed to say,
And they gained a responsive greeting
From one who passed that way.

'Twas a gentleman in his carriage,
Out taking the morning air,
And giving the reins to his daughter,
He gathered the roses fair.
"I'll carry them home to your mother,
My dear," he tenderly said:
They remind me of that springtime,
When she and I were wed.

"Ah! her's were radiant blushes,
And her's was a regal air—
There was never another maiden
So queenly, or so fair."
Then the roses, brilliantly blushing,
Were placed in the daughter's hand,
And she, in turn, sat dreaming
Of a far-off fairy-land—

Where she found a delightful lover
Whose heart was always true—
And speaking aloud to her father,
She said: "He will be like you;
And I shall be like my mother,
Only not quite so fair"—
As she glanced up, archly smiling,
And stroked his whitening hair.

TO MY OLD SWEETHEART

Sweetheart, I dream of thee,
And of days in the pleasant past;
The morning of life again I see—
Not a cloud does the sky overcast.
Oh! lightly fly past the hours
In that beautiful spring of the year,
And brightly those wonderful wayside flowers
Bloom on in my memory, dear.

I dream again, sweetheart,
Of the summer's glowing heat;
Again do the bounding pulses start,
For our summer-time was sweet.
And the smile on your sunny face
The flush on your rounded cheek,
Still added a new and nameless grace
To the words your lips did speak.

Sweetheart, again I dream
In the mild autumnal air,
Deep, clear and full, flows time's swift stream;
For the autumn days are fair.
The leaves are crimson and gold,
The flowers are royally gay,
And our hearts are glad—they are not old—
Though our heads are frosted and gray.

Sweetheart, I dream again—
And winter comes on apace,
We dread it not, for closer then
Shall we draw to our resting-place.
From that home of truth and love,
We shall never more depart;
But find in the glorified joys above,
Our dreams fulfilled, sweetheart.

AMONG THE MARYLAND MOUNTAINS

Beyond the boundaries of the quaint old town
Of Frederick, we drove for pleasure on
An autumn day. The roads, by recent rains
Washed clean, the cool, sweet breeze that fanned
our brows,
And glints of golden sunshine 'twixt the clouds,
Each gave an added charm of sweet delight.

Past homes of wealth, whose inmates idly live
For pleasure through the summer's heat; past farms
Where useful toil prepares the produce for
Next market day; past "orchards fruited deep",
And gardens gay; past humble cots where dwell
The poor who eke subsistence out of soil
Between the rocks; we slowly drove toward
The mountain top.

The sun declining, gave us warning that
'Twas time to turn our steps toward Frederick-
town.

Another road, less used, but picturesque
With rocks moss-grown, and lichen-covered, was
To be our homeward way. With many a glimpse
Of grandeur 'twixt the trees, where lay our path
We journeyed slowly on; with frequent halts
To gather ferns, and golden-rod, and moss,
And stones, to serve as souvenirs in days
To come.

Here, High Knob reared his stately head
Above this scene of peace as proudly as
In days gone by, he over-looked the course
Of war. Not one grim smile he gave us, as
We passed him by. Beyond, were solemn rocks,
Whose columns, vast and grand, formed temples
where

The reverential soul must humbly bow
In worship of the Infinite.

Anon,

A vine-clad cottage we espied far up
Among the cliffs, and wondered what strong soul
Was being nurtured there. Then, too, we met
A group of bright-eyed children on their way
From school, and asked: "Do future statesmen lift
Inquiring eyes to ours? And shall these girls
Whose shy, sweet faces smile on us to-day,
Find inspiration here for song, or grand
Romantic tale, to win them crowns of fame?"
Ah! little do we know; for stranger things
Have chanced in this strange world.

A sudden turn

Then gave a tranquil view of verdant vales,
And soon we left the rugged cliffs behind.
A house, which stands just here in sight of each,
Has favored inmates; for must not their souls,

These wonders manifold beholding, turn
Devoutly to the Great Creator of
Them all?

In mood like this we silently
Pursued our way, until we neared the town.
Then, looking back, we saw the mountains loom
In dark blue grandeur 'gainst the sky. The sun,
Half-hidden by the clouds, came forth and gave
One brilliant farewell smile, just as we, each
To all, had said: "Good night".

MY COUNTRY HOME

My country home! again I turn
My willing feet to thee,
Ambition's lofty castles spurn
And halls of revelry.

The city, gay with pomp and pride,
Some brief days I enjoy,
Yet turn away, unsatisfied—
As from an idle toy.

Lakes, hills and plains, I travel o'er
'Neath sunny skies I roam,
Beholding scenes far-famed of yore—
Yet turn with joy to home.

'Tis not that on the mountain side
It doth in splendor shine,
That I recall, with throb of pride,
This country home of mine;

Not that it hath such stately halls
Where I from labor, rest—
But, oh! within its four dear walls
Are those I love the best.

And o'er its fields and forests free
My steps at will may roam,
With none to chide or censure me—
For—magic word—'tis home.

Sweet country home! thy skies above
Thy meadows broad and green,
Thy flowers, and birds, and trees, I love—
The fairest on earth I ween!

RESPONSIVE HEARTS

As song-birds love the waving forests,
And flowerets smile 'neath the shining dew,
All nature responds to the cheering sunshine,
Let human hearts be responsive too.

Why not like flowers, just gather sweetness?
And lift our eyes the sun to see?
Let joy overflow from the heart's repleteness—
Like birds that sing in the forest tree?

And so, without our own volition,
Shall come to the inner life apart—
Come, like the sunbeam's joyous mission
To the waiting flower—a warmth of heart.

MABEL'S TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY

Twice ten to-day! Why can it be
My child has lived a score of years?
It seems but yesterday since she
A baby, 'twixt her smiles and tears,
Clung to my gown with dimpled hands
That coaxed me oft to share her play;
Made sweet, imperious demands,
And ruled me with a gentle sway.

Now where have gone those twenty years?
I wonder if I am awake?—
I dream—again I dry her tears,
And in my arms, my baby take.
But, ah! her weight doth waken me,
And fearing I shall let her fall—
I ope my eyes—and look—and see
A maiden who has grown quite tall.

But still she comes with tears or smiles—
She brings them all to mother's knee,
And with her charming ways, beguiles
Me into many a fantasy.
She even says that I must see
She now is quite a woman grown;—
How can I though? She'll always be
A child to me—my very own.

Yet as I gaze, more thoughtful now,
Upon the face to me so dear;
I see its seal upon her brow,
And know that womanhood is here
And in her eyes hath deeply smiled;—
So, smiling back, I only say
What shall I wish for thee, my child,
On this, thy twentieth natal day?

Recalling now thy childhood days,
I dwell upon them tenderly;
How all thy added winsome ways
Thy mother greeted gratefully!
Thus would I greet thy womanhood,
And pray that it may prove to thee
As fair, and sweet, and pure, and good
As womanhood can ever be!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Blest Whittier! beloved bard!
So dear to fellowmen
Because their need thou didst regard;
And bade them rise again.

Thou who didst share thy brother's wrongs,
And plead for the oppressed;
Hast sung for us the sweetest songs
Of labor, and of rest.

"The Barefoot Boy, with cheek of tan",
A kindred tie hath been
To link sweet child-hearts to the man
Who shunned the paths of sin.

"Maud Muller"—sweet and simple lore—
A lesson taught to all;
And lovers, warned by thee, no more
In vain their dreams recall.

While travelers still "Tent on the Beach"
And seek sweet summer rest,
Their loving hands shall ever reach
For thee, their poet-guest.

As long as homes are still "Snow-bound"
In any northern land,
There, shall thy cheerful songs, be found
In many a heart and hand.

O Whittier! thy name revered
Shall be forevermore—
Long as our country's fame is cheered
And sung from shore to shore!

Long as man feels his brother's need,
Or sympathy is sweet;
Thy name, a household word indeed,
Our lips shall still repeat.

Dear Whittier! kind poet-friend,
That thou my want couldst see,
And cheer and comfort oft didst send—
I thank my God, and thee!

Thy "Angel Patience" sat with me
Beside the couch of pain;
I slowly learned, as taught by thee,
That loss is sometimes gain.

Since thou hast passed "the covered way
Which opens into light"—
Full many "a blinded child" shall pray:
"Lord, unto me give sight

"That I may look beyond the care,
Beyond the pain and strife—
Into the freer, purer air
Of thy Eternal Life!"

A SUPPLICATION

Inspire me Lord! let me inspire
Some soul to do thy will;
Oh! touch my lips with holy fire!
Let me thy truth instill.

Uplift me Lord! let me uplift
The fallen and the weak,
Who down the stream of time, adrift,
Thy face will never seek;

Unless some friend of theirs and thine
Shall lend a helping hand,
And hold the Lamp of Light divine
So they can understand.

BY CHAUTAUQUA LAKE

Softly sheltered by shadows
Swaying to and fro,
Wistfully watching the wavelets
Swiftly come and go—
I wonder why some so rashly
Are rushing against the shore,
And some, so peacefully passing,
Are seen and heard no more.

Like unto human wavelets
Rippling the sea of life,
Losing themselves in silence,—
Raging in noisy strife.
How sweet to recall the promise
That was made for you and me!
“He that loseth his life, shall save it”—
E'en out of the depths of the sea.

Musing alone no longer,
Joining the busy hum,
Moving with masses of people—
Swiftly they go and come;
Oh! to lose myself among them
And more like Him to be,
Who gave his life for others,
Blest Man of Galilee!

"Peace unto you", is sounding
Across the ages yet,
Calming the angry billows,
Hushing the strife and fret
In the hearts of the passing pilgrims
On the turbulent Sea of Time—
That out of the depths of sorrow,
They may rise to heights sublime!

THE OLD CAPTAIN'S ADVICE

A merry young lad was he
Who sat in a light boat's prow,
And questioned an old man of the sea
As to where he should sail, or how.

For many a voyage fair
Had the old sea-captain made,
And many a treasure, rich and rare,
From foreign lands displayed.

And the lad so longed to know
How such success to gain,
That he begged his kind old friend to show
The way, and make it plain.

And the captain thus replied,
With a wise and earnest look:
"Perhaps from danger you'll turn aside,
If I tell you the course I took.

"For the way was made quite plain,
As I sat by my mother's side,
When she said: 'My boy, if success you gain,
You must follow the perfect Guide'.

"It matters far less where we are,
Than in what direction we go;
If our compass is fixed by the polar star—
We may journey fast or slow.

"Sometimes with the favoring breeze,
Sometimes against it, we sail;
But we never must aimlessly lie at ease
Or drift with the adverse gale.

"With the current 'tis easy to go,
And our senses to gratify—
As the wily tempter says: 'Ye know
Ye shall not surely die.'

"But Satan laughs as he sees
His victims their course begin,
Borne on at first by the favoring breeze,
Then lost in the whirlpool of sin.

"So, my boy, never drift at ease
On the restless ocean of life;
But sail—be it slowly against the breeze,
Or tossed by the stormy strife.

"And guided thus by the star,
When the storms are forever past;
You shall sail through the beautiful harbor-bar,
To the haven of rest at last!"

TO CHILDREN ON THE PLAYGROUND

Dear children, happy-hearted,
Out playing on the lea,
The journey you have started
Seems like eternity.

But as you travel onward,
The hours will shorter grow,
The days will move more swiftly,
And years will not be slow.

So, gather up the sunbeams
That deck these long, bright days,
And flowers that smile around you
In all your happy plays.

Gather bright grains of wisdom,
The truest, and the best;
By seeking first God's kingdom,
And he will add the rest.

Then, when the days shall shorten,
And years seem all too fleet;
The treasured stores of morning
Shall make life's evening sweet.

And when the journey's ended,
Your longing eyes shall see
Beyond the flowing river
A sweet eternity.

CHEER UP

Cheer up! little boy, cheer up!
Though you've spoiled your hat,
And broken your bat,
And lost your new ball
In that wretched fall;
Get up, and renew the chase,
You will certainly win the race—
Cheer up! little boy, cheer up!

Cheer up! little boy, cheer up!
Though the lesson is long,
And your comrade strong
Has the head of the class
By your fav'rite lass;
If again, my boy, you will try,
You'll succeed, my boy, by and by—
Cheer up! little boy, cheer up!

Cheer up! my boy, cheer up!
Though the storm-wind blows,
And you count your foes
Far more than your friends;
'Tis our God who sends
The storm, and he will give peace
When the storm shall cease.
Cheer up! my boy, cheer up!

Cheer up! my boy, cheer up!
Though your dreams are spoiled,
And your plans are foiled;
And you find, to your cost,
That the dearest is lost.
Look up! my boy, be resigned,
All these and more, you shall find
In heaven above; for "God is Love".
Cheer up! my boy, cheer up!

AN ELDER BROTHER

Two children in a garden played,
A bright, brave boy, and little maid;
A merry, prattling child was she,
A gallant elder brother, he.

For her, he cleared the garden path,
From her, he turned the buzz-bee's wrath;
For her, he culled the fairest flowers,
And built for her, the brightest bowers.

Later, he solved her hardest sums,
Gave her the sweetest sugar-plums—
Thought her the fairest of all girls,
With her blue eyes and sunny curls.

And she, in turn, gave loyal love,
She prized her brother far above
All other boys, and oft said she:
"Best brother in the world is he".

She helped him too in quiet ways,
For which he gave full meed of praise;
They shared in common all their joys—
The happiest of girls and boys.

But time, which we sometimes call fate,
These comrades dear did separate,
She trod rough paths, he could not smooth;
He found deep griefs, she could not soothe.

Yet both have one Almighty Friend
Whose loving care shall never end;
To-day, and evermore the same
And Elder Brother is his name.

FOR WEARY WORKERS

Ye toilers on earth's barren lands
With hearts and brains aweary,
Who reach aloft your pleading hands
With plaintive cries, and dreary;

Your God is wiser far than ye,
Your every need he knoweth,
And what you deem a harsh decree,
His tender mercy showeth.

Be patient then. Cease all regret,
And hush all vain repining;—
There never was a storm-cloud yet,
But had a silver lining.

Oh! firmly tread your weary ways,
And bravely bear your sorrows,
Remembering that the dark to-days
Precede the bright to-morrows.

He who with patience wins the race,
At last the prize obtaineth—
A home and crown in that fair place,
Where blessed rest remaineth.

AN INVOCATION TO SLEEP

O gentle slumber! Come and press thy soft
And soothing fingers on my brow, and close
My weary eyes, and calm my troubled mind.
Waft thou my thoughts away to dreamland where
In fancies sweet, I may awhile forget
The cares that worry and perplex. Oh! take
Me back to childhood when my wayward feet
Were guided by the careful, loving hands

Which smoothed the paths where'er I lightly trod ;—
When days were full of joy, and gleeful shout
And song; and scarce the sun's last rays had left
The tree-tops ere my sleepy eyes closed on
My downy pillow. There in undisturbed
Repose I calmly lay till morning threw
Her roseate tints into my face. The sun's
Broad smile came through the open window and
With answering smile, I hurried out to greet
The birds, and other gay companions of
The day before.

Or, balmy sleep, come thou
And summon back my youth, when higher still
And brighter shone the sun; when friends were
close

Around me, all were true and loving and
Their smiles made brighter still my paths. Bring back
The first glad days of conscious power, and toil
So sweet and eager that refreshing rest
Came on apace. Bring back those days when all
I met gave generously the meed of praise,
And life was sweet, and rich, and grand, and full.—

Now, none of those glad, care-free days return
Except in briefest dream, whose contrast makes
The present darker seem. Nor would I live
Them o'er. I know that it is better so;—
That God who gave my youth its joy, still knows
My need, and giveth what is best. My hand
In his I'll lay, and he will give me rest.

"He giveth his beloved sleep"—So says
The Word. And he, in sleep will give me strength
For conflict; patience "to endure the woes
And ills I may not cure"; sufficient grace
For all life's need, and hope of heaven's reward.

I'll trust my Father's love, and wait his time;—
Then erelong while I sleep, a dream shall come
Which shall transcend the dreams of youth, and I
Shall know when this life ends, life shall begin
In very truth.

MY SISTER

A picture fair in my memory staid
Of a doorstep under the cool, sweet shade;
And seated there, in the doorway breeze,
A little girl held on her knees
A baby, whose years were two, or three,
And they talked and laughed in childish glee.

You can guess?—I am sure you can, if you try—
That baby so loved and petted was I;
And the little girl with the quiet grace,
And the womanly look in her eyes and face,
Was my sister, who with loving care,
Was making my childhood bright and fair.

In time, she led me away to school,
Where, following her, I obeyed each rule.
She was my pattern, and every day
I tried in my eager, childish way,
To be like her; and she did not know
What made the little one love her so.

With father and mother, and brothers, too,
We had a household, loving and true;
But whenever my sister must be away,
For me 'twas "a long, long weary day".
I missed her smile, so strong and sweet,
And longed for the coming of her swift feet.

Through all of my happy childhood days,
She cheered my tasks, and smiled on my plays.
She gave me a youth, long, bright and sweet;
For her own had vanished with flying feet,
And she was a woman when childish years
Should have left her free from cares and fears.

She ministered daily to all our need,
A household helper in very deed.
To our parents, she was "the light of the eyes",
Till called away to their home in the skies;
And many another, since they are gone,
Her wonderful strength has leaned upon.

TO A FELLOW-POET

A deep, delightful draught thou must have drawn
From poesy's pure fountain, else thou hadst
Not known that I, too, slaked my thirst where those
Clear waters flow. Yet how I pant for more!
Not only would I find refreshment for
My soul; but I for other longing ones
Would bear away some cups of water cold,
And in His name, would bid them drink.

And so

Dear friend of those I love, the sweetest wish
That I can give thee in return for thy
Kind thoughts and words, is this: That thou mayst
give
Full many a cooling cup to those in need,
And thou, thyself, still drink more deeply from
The Everlasting Fount!

ONE YEAR

'Tis just twelve months—one little year—
Since thou didst come, O baby dear,
And bring full many a smile and tear.

Though thou art small, how large a place
Dost claim! Thy bonny form and face
Shall win their way, with baby grace.

And thou, though young, hast wondrous power;
With joy or grief canst fill the hour,
And claim devotion for thy dower.

Full many a charm, my dear, is thine;
Thy coaxing arms the home entwine,
And parents both kneel at thy shrine.

Oh! win them, by thy gentle art,
To choose always "the better part"—
Press closer to the Over-heart!

And still, as days and years go past;
O keep the trusting heart thou hast—
A child-like spirit to the last!

For Jesus said in accents mild,
That only "as a little child"
Can one approach The Undeiled.

TWO FLOWERS

They bloomed in beauty, side by side,
Two flowers sweet and gay,
And smiling, looked with modest pride
On one who passed that way.

She gave caressing smile and touch
Unto each blossom fair,
Then sighed: "Would that my life were such,
And I as free from care!

"But one who gave these flowers to me,
And I to whom they're given,
Are tossed by storms on life's rough sea
As we onward press to heaven.

"Would that our tiny boats might glide
Over the laughing foam,
And sailing slowly, side by side,
Need never more to roam!

"O flowers! nodding right and left
In the warm summer air;
Still of each other unbereft,
Bloom on, ye happy pair!"

The same sweet sunbeam kissed them both,
The genial shower they shared;—
A wind passed by, and nothing loth,
Each tiny stalk it bared.

Then as the lady looked instead
Upon the flowerless plant;
With heart and face aglow, she said:
"If God my wish would grant,

"My friend and I should be like these,
Sharing the blessings given,
And some glad day, the same sweet breeze
Should waft us both to heaven!"

IN ABSENCE

Dear friend, the time seems long since you and I
Have met, and face to face have talked of all
Our hearts hold dear. Yet oft, with tenderness
We turn at twilight to a theme we love,
And each, by fond Imagination's pure
And holy light, still reads the other's thought.
'Tis sweet to know that in this world of care
Two souls, like Jonathan's and David's may
Be knit so close together, that what pains
The one, must sorrow to the other bring,
And what shall fill the heart of one with joy,
Must sparkle like a fount of gladness in
The other's breast! Eye speaks to eye, and heart
To heart—though lips may be unmoved by words
Or smiles, and simply tremulous with weight
Of thoughts they fain would interchange, but can
No utterance find. And e'en in absence, each
Shall happier and better be because
The other lives, and with admiring eyes,
Beholds the same grand handiwork of God!
The sun, the moon, the glowing stars possess
A sweet significance, since one so loved
Yet far away, shall gaze upon them too.
When faces fair and new are 'round thee, and
Their smiles of sweet approval, flower-like strew
Thy path, shall these content thee? And wilt thou
In glad prosperity, or in the dark,
Sad days that still may come to thee, e'er cease
To love thy trusted friend?

Ah, no! but when
Long miles shall stretch between thyself and me,
How sweet to know that sympathy survives,
And by its thrill of magic power, shall bless
The weary ones so tried by waiting for
A "hope deferred"!

PANSIES

These sweet-faced, bright-eyed pansies have I
brought

To show for you affection's purest thought;
A message sweet, these blossoms shall declare—
Look deep into each heart, and read it there.

Some, like a virgin soul, are clear and white;
Pure gold, are some, and flash their yellow light
Upon some petals of cerulean hue—
A token that the donor's heart is true.

Again, the royal purple do I bring,
A tribute to a Daughter of The King;
All colors blent in one harmonious whole—
Like all sweet virtues dwelling in one soul.

Oh! may this little bunch of sweet hearts-ease
Speak from my heart to yours, with power to please!
And may your path through life be strewn with
flowers
Of loving thoughts, through all its days and hours!

MY FRIENDS

Oh! where are my friends? said a weary one,
As she lay on her couch of pain,
And thought of the days that were past and gone,
With all of their loss and gain.

Some dwell afar in the sunny south,
 'Mid flowers and sunshine gay;
And some o'er frozen fields of the north,
 Pursue their lonely way.

They are scattered afar; north, south, east, west,
 Are scattered the friends I love;
And, one by one, the brightest and best
 Go home to the joys above.

Ah! there I shall find them all again
 When this earthly life is done;
In the land that has no sorrow, nor pain,
 Nor any need of the sun.

Where the Lord, our God, shall wipe all tears
 That dim the longing sight;
Where the free, glad soul shall have no fears .
 In the everlasting Light!

IN MEMORIAM

So many years? It seems but yesterday,
Since from an open window, he and I
Together watched the fading beauty of
The sunset sky. 'Twas autumn time, as now—
The month of sweet October. Crimson leaves,
And purple, brown and gold, were falling fast.
The mornings cool were vocal with the songs
Of birds, and cheerful sounds of labor, and
The grass in frost and sunshine sparkled 'neath
Our feet, as day by day, we schoolward trod.
At noon, we loitered back through air as soft
And warm as balmy June. The afternoons
Were spent in toil among our books. For each
Himself the text must read, the problem hard

Must solve, and each while poring o'er the page,
Had dreams of future fame. When even-tide
Came on, our minds well-stored with bookish lore,
Rebounded from the task, and with delight
We hailed the twilight hour. Then came the talk
Of home and friends; the happy, humorous talk—
The gay reply, or laugh at merry jest.
Anon, our mood had changed. We solemnly
Discours'd upon the days of old, and those
To come. Eternal things with reverence
Were touched;—then turned we to the landscape
fair,

And quietly enjoyed its loveliness.
Beyond the din and roar of city streets,
A stretch of autumn-tinted woodland rose,
In midst of which an arsenal towered high,
And from its summit waved "the stars and stripes".
At sight of freedom's flag, with hearts afire,
And cheeks aglow, right loyally we praised
Our country; but deplored her ills, and raised
To heaven unuttered prayers for her best weal.
Then soaring up to cloud-land, dwelt we there,
Until the silent stars came, one by one,
To warn us that the twilight hour had gone.

And he is gone! That autumn was his last
On earth. The next, October winds sighed o'er
His grave, and his pure spirit dwelt in realms
Unknown by us below. The seasons come,
And go; and still when trees are gorgeous, and
A smoky softness veils the skies, our hearts
Cry out and ask: "Where art thou, friend beloved?
What seest thou? and what is thy employ?
What are thy joys? and dost thou think of us?"
No answer comes. We hope for none, yet know
That all is well. God wisely draws a veil
Before our longing eyes, and bids us wait.

Yet oft, a youthful face made fair by truth's
Ingenuous smiles, appears before us when
We dream of days gone by; and lips that long
Have worn the seal of silence, now declare
That he forgets us not,—e'en as he would
Not be forgot by those he loved.

Fain would
I have this simple tribute prove to all
Who knew and loved him and lament
Their loss, that I, his friend, do join with them
In sympathy sincere; and though my words
Inadequate and poor may be, yet would
I testify to purity and worth.

A MEMENTO

Beyond all pain and pining,
At Jesus' feet reclining
Thou art at rest;
Our love doth still enfold thee,
Yet would we not withhold thee
For thou art blest.

At thought of thy departing,
E'en while the tears are starting—
Our voices raise
Unto the God who gave thee
The Christ who died to save thee,
In notes of praise.

For nobly hast thou striven,
And unto us hast given
A pattern fair;
Which Time nor Death can alter,
To guide us when we falter—
Or might despair.

Earth-life sometimes is dreary,
And eager feet grow weary
Upon the road,
Which memory can brighten
With thoughts of thee, and lighten
Our heavy load.

So, though our hearts are grieving,
Not hopeless—but believing
That such as thou,
When life on earth is ended,
Hast unto God ascended—
To Him we bow.

In adoration lowly
Unto the Will Most Holy
Our hearts incline;
And, for our human weakness
Would crave, in faith and meekness—
An end like thine.

A SOUVENIR

I knew him first in life's fair morning hours,
His pathway bright with sunshine and sweet flowers
That drooped their dewy petals o'er his head,
And 'neath his feet, a glowing carpet spread.

While friends and fortune came at his behest,
And life's sweet wine of love he drank with zest,
He looked away across earth's sunny slopes,
With eager eyes, and high and happy hopes.

But change came o'er the spirit of his dream,
And far less smoothly flowed the sparkling stream,
Not so serene and smiling was his face;
For life had lost a certain nameless grace.

The o'erhanging flowers, wet with shining dew,
Turned brown and withered when the north-wind
blew;
The hope that filled his heart with purest joy
Was dashed to earth, and broken like a toy.

His plans were thwarted, and his best desires
Were crushed beneath ambition's smouldering fires,
By difficulties oft, and many a doubt,
His progress stopped—his pathway hedged about.

Yet, high above these wrecks his nature rose.
He wept not for his own, but other's woes;
And whatsoe'er his hand could find to do,
He did it heartily—with heaven in view.

But ere his noonday sun had reached its height,
By sudden cloud was hidden all its light—
The busy brain at rest, the pulses stilled,
The hopes, so high and happy, unfulfilled.

Like us—like all—his soul had found a dearth
Of what he longed for most upon the earth;
But, when, in likeness of the Christ who died,
He wakes above, he "shall be satisfied".

IN MEMORY OF A. A. A. P.

As I look, dear friend, on your pictured face
And read life's record there,
In lines of beauty, and lines of grace,
Re-crossed by lines of care;

I think of the days of my early youth,
When you were my teacher kind,
Instilling sweet lessons of love and truth
Into my eager mind.

Sometimes a lesson, hard and long
My patience would sorely test;
But your words of cheer, like a martial song,
Would urge me to do my best.

I know that life's lessons, hard and long,
Were afterwards set for you;
But you triumphed bravely over wrong,
With steadfast heart and true.

With many a struggle, many a tear,
By faith was the victory won;
And you left for loved ones, words of cheer,
When your earth-tasks all were done.

And so, as I look on your pictured face,
And think of your peaceful rest;
I can hear you say, with winning grace:
"Trust God! and do your best."

RESURRECTION THOUGHTS

Within the seed, dropped in the earth's dark mold,
Are life, and grace, and beauty—fold on fold;
Which, warmed by sunshine, wet with dew and
rain,
Shall soon spring forth and bloom, on hill, or plain.

What lovely flowers, what luscious fruits appear
From planted seeds in lowly earth-beds here!
And there's no field of ripened grain, but when
The fallen seeds take root, and grow again.

Thus, hidden for awhile from human sight,
Our loved ones rise in everlasting Light,
To grow more pure and sweet beyond the tomb,
Where mortal shall put on immortal bloom.

No eye hath seen, no heart can understand
The glorious beauties of that heavenly land;
Beyond the darkness, these shall all unfold,
And with enraptured vision, they behold.

Because our Saviour who hath died for men,
Arose from death, we too, shall live again;
We see not now beyond the river's brim,
But when he cometh, we shall be like him.

Oh! wondrous splendors that shall soon adorn
The coming of the resurrection morn!
Be ready O my soul, and watching when
Your Lord in clouds of glory comes again!

A TINY BUD

Sweet bud that never oped its eyes
In this poor world of ours,
Upon the hills of Paradise
Blooms with perennial flowers.

God hath transplanted it above,
Where, sheltered by his care,
Forever in the light of love
It bloometh, pure and fair.

A FRAGMENT

God lays his hand upon our well beloved,
And we in anguish cry: Oh! take them not;
We need them so. The babe so innocent
And fair, whose prattling tongue and pattering feet
Make music in the house, whose clinging hands
Oft hold us back from sin—we fain would keep,
And fondly think that its sweet life would make
Our own more worthy. But our God sees not
As man doth see. He knows our frailty and
“Remembereth that we are dust”. Therefore
In mercy doth he heavenward draw the child
That it, with beckoning hands, may lead us hence.

A LAMB OF THE UPPER FOLD

Our precious little baby,
The upper fold within—
Can never have a sorrow,
And never know a sin.

Jesus, the tender Shepherd,
For our little one doth care:
"Thy will be done, O Father",
Shall be our constant prayer.

And with most earnest pleading,
We ask that we may be
In all our daily living,
Drawn close to her, and thee.

AN AGED PILGRIM

Our aged aunt had trod this earth for more
Than four-score years. She found it rough and full
Of thorns. But few stray flowers bloomed for her
Along "the straight and narrow way". Her path
Of duty had been hard. Her joys were few.
Her sorrows manifold. Yet with a faith
Unfaltering, she looked beyond this world
And saw the mansions our dear Lord prepares
For those who love and trust his blessed word.
And so she grew more cheerful as she neared
The shining portals of eternal peace.

A welcome guest she sat one day within
Our home, as oft before; but never had
We seen her in more bright and happy mood.
She talked of times and customs old, of friends
She loved, and what they said, or sang. No songs
She thought, could be so sweet as those till she

Should join the chorus of the skies with friends
Triumphant, who had gone before.

At last

We said: "Please sing for us, dear aunt, one of
Those sweet old hymns." With quavering voice she
sang:

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear
And wipe my weeping eyes."

Verse after verse, she sweetly crooned until
She seemed quite weary; yet the closing verse
With radiant face, repeated o'er and o'er:

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

A few brief days had passed. A heavenly guest
Called softly for her weary soul; and she
With joy responded. Soon, we stood around
Her grave. Some wept. But one who loved her
said:

Oh! let us not be grieving
Around her grave to-day,
Because her spirit, leaving
Its tenement of clay,
Has found the heavenly mansions
Where she held "title clear",
And to the summons answered:
"Farewell to every fear".

Done with earth's strife and struggle,
Its weary round of toil,
Its bitter disappointments,
Its sorrow and turmoil;

Her weary soul is bathing
In seas of heavenly rest,
No wave of trouble rolling
"Across her peaceful breast."

UNBURDENED

So weary of heavy burdens—
I fain would be at rest
Under the flowers and grasses
On mother earth's sweet breast.

O take thy weary one Father!
Let me quietly go to sleep,
And wake in the blessed morning
Where thy children never weep.

Then, out of the solemn silence,
This answer came to me:
"Child, cast on the Lord thy burdens,
My grace is sufficient for thee."

SUBMISSION

I know not what is best for me,
But thou, my Lord, dost clearly see;
Thou knowest all, and thou wilt send
Whate'er is best, O gracious Friend.

I could not bear life's storm and stress,
Without thy hand to guide and bless;
Without thy love to watch and ward,
Thy presence to uphold me, Lord.

Teach me submission to thy will,
O let me in thy love be still;
Cause every murmur now to cease,
And keep my soul in perfect peace.

THE ANGELS' MESSAGE

"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

To the weeping women, the angels said;

"He is not here. He is risen. Go

Tell his disciples and Peter, so.

"The place where he lay, ye may come and see,

And remember his word in Galilee—

He should die by the hands of cruel men;

But on the third day, he would rise again."

This wondrous message of life they heard,

And then they recalled each gracious word

Of their Master, and said: "It is really true.

Let us haste and the angels' bidding, do."

Though their words seem only idle tale.

To doubting ones; yet they avail

In bringing others to look and see

If these wonderful things could really be.

But unbelief, some would not cease

Till Jesus in their midst said: "Peace.

Over death and the grave no more repine—

All power in heaven and earth is mine.

"Go forth through the world and in my name,

The power of a risen Christ proclaim.

Blessed are ye, who your Lord receive;

Blest they who see not, and still believe".

O ye who sit by the grave to-day

In doubt and darkness—who weep and pray--

Lift up the heart, and the drooping head:

"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

VESPER THOUGHTS

I sat within a temple grand, and gazed
With curious eyes, on pictures of the saints
Of generations past; on image, shrine
And crucifix—each lit with tapers and
With flowers garlanded anew. These last,
The work of God, fresh from his hand, filled all
The place with beauty and with fragrance; but
Their simple purity made contrast strange
With such elaborate display of man's
Device. I sat and noted each and all;
But most, my eyes upon the portrait of
Our Savior rested, as he hung upon
The cross. His sad, sweet face with pity beamed
Upon the devotees who mutely bowed
Before his image here and crossed themselves.

'Twas but a fancy—for the pictured face
And form, though grandly beautiful, were still
Devoid of life—and this was not the Christ.
So in the midst of much display of what
To me seemed offerings vain; I bowed with heart
Of love and gratitude to Him who said:
"God is a spirit, and he seeketh such
To worship him as shall in spirit and
In truth."

No matter where, in busy crowd,
In dreary solitude, in temples most
Magnificent, or poor and plain—in all
Or any, shall the heart which truly seeks
For God, find his Great Presence and be blest!

SWEET MEMORIES

O Memory, be sweet to me!
Bring back the dear old times;
Be kind, and so repeat to me
In soft and soothing rhymes,
The happy hours, the golden days,
The pleasant times I had;
Leave out the rough and weary ways,
And leave out all the bad.

Bring back to me those childhood joys
Around our home fireside,
When happy-hearted girls and boys
(Their parents' joy and pride)
Rejoiced in innocence of youth,
And every heart was glad;
Bring back the hope, the love, the truth,—
But leave out all the bad.

O Memory! I beg, be kind,
And bring from out thy store,
The love that brightens life behind,
And points to light before.
Let steady beams illumine my way,
And make my pathway bright
Till I shall reach that perfect day
Where faith is lost in sight.

IDEAL LIFE

If we would only lift our eyes
To see the beauty 'round us,
And with our inmost souls despise
All servile chains that bound us;
What sweet surprises we should see
With unveiled eyes beholding!
And how our hearts would ever be
With gratitude unfolding!

If we would cherish noble thought,
And seek the true ideal,
Joy would not be so dearly bought,
Our pleasures would be real;
For, living near to nature's heart,
We'd find her hidden treasures;
And in her life to have a part,
Would give us untold pleasures.

Days would fly past on golden wings,
Still each one growing brighter,
And earth be full of fairer things,
Because our hearts beat lighter.
The birds would carol sweeter strains,
The glad blue skies be bluer;
In sunshine, or in gentle rains,
We'd find a life-renewer.

The flowers would glow in hues more bright,
The trees would wave their greeting,
The brooks would murmur their delight—
The hills and vales repeating.
Companions these in all our days—
Through them to God above us
We'd look, and join their songs of praise,
Assured that he does love us.

A GOOD SOLDIER

Soldier of Christ! be true;
Be brave and strong;
Your God has stationed you
Where you belong.

He knoweth best the place
That you can fill,
And he will give you grace
To do his will.

What though the task is hard,
And foes assail!
Your God will guide and guard,
You shall prevail.

CHRISTIAN DUTY

Do you know the wondrous power
Of Jesus' touch of love?
Do you feel an inward impulse
That draws your soul above?
Reach upward then; but downward
Extend a helping hand,
Lest those who grovel lower
May perish on the strand.

For all around you lying
In woe, and shame, and sin,—
Even grim death defying,
Are those whom you may win.
Perhaps a soul is longing
For the word which you can say,
The Lord will help you speak it
"In season"—if you pray.

"Words that are fitly spoken
Like apples are of gold
In pictures fair of silver"—
It hath been said of old.
Let not the days be passing
Unless your voice is heard
In wise and winning fervor
To speak some warning word.

"Sick, strangers, and in prison"
Are hastening to the grave;
'Twas "sinners not the righteous",
Whom Jesus came to save.
Then help the weak and erring,
And your welcome home shall be:
"Come, blessed of my Father,—
Ye did it unto me."

A SOUL WON

It was only the clasp of a stranger's hand,
But it thrilled me through and through;
For plainer than words—I could understand—
It told of sympathy true.

I was young and thoughtless, nor cared to know
That my heart was full of sin,
Till the stranger's eyes, with their earnest glow,
Showed me wretchedness within.

I knew that a feeling of wild unrest
Was surging through heart and brain;
I had sought for joy, but had lost the best—
I knew that I sought in vain.

For even in moments of wildest mirth,
Elated with human pride,
I knew that with fleeting things of earth,
I could never be satisfied.

As the stranger looked down in the depths of my
soul,

She saw that 'twas sick of sin;
And she said: "Christ Jesus would make you
whole—

If you only would let him in.

"He knocks at the door of your weary heart,
And offers you peace and rest;
Oh! let him in. He will not depart
If you bid him your welcome guest."

I was deeply moved. Was Christ so nigh?
Did he this message send?
And I earnestly prayed: O pass not by,
But be my Savior—friend.

Soon as I chose "the better part"
I saw with clearer sight;
A thankful joy o'erflowed my heart—
And love, and life and light!

Oh! thanks to God, whose grace did send
His messenger to me;
And thanks to her, my stranger—friend,
Who helped the blind to see.

For her warm hand-clasp, her smile so kind,
And her tender words sufficed
To help me the Way of Life to find,
And won my soul for Christ.

INNOCENCE BLOSSOMS

Wee blossoms by the wayside,
Oh! smile into my face
Until your thrilling sweetness
Shall give me heart of grace.

I'm weary with my journey,
I need your sunny smiles
To cheer me while I travel
Over these lonely miles.

Then, taught by yon sweet blossoms,
I'll do my humble part
To put a thought of gladness
Into some other heart.

PURSUING ONWARD

I still pursue the path I trod—
An eager and aspiring youth
With upward longing after God,
And earnest seeking for the Truth.

Ah! that was long before I knew
How much from me the years would take,
How friends could ever prove untrue,
How hearts could bear, and still not break.

The past, the future—each a book
I may not pause and ponder o'er;
Into whose depths I dare not look
For joys to come, or gone before.

All that I would, I cannot know,
The "times and seasons" are God's own;
'Tis mine to trust, and onward go—
Onward, and he will make it known.

In patient toil, the present hour
Demands the best of mind and heart;
No sighs, no tears, by faith's calm power,
I shall most bravely bear my part.

And climbing still the upward way
That I pursued in days of youth;
I'll reach the summit, some sweet day,
And rest upon the Mount of Truth.

PERPETUAL YOUTH

When we drink from the pure, perpetual flow
Where the Fountain of Youth has sprung;
We may count the years, as they come and go,
And be just so many years young.

Though the hand of Time on our brows has traced
Full many a careful line,
And the cheeks so round, by smiles o'erchased
In days of "Auld Lang Syne",

Have lost somewhat of the full, fair hue
That they wore in the years gone by;
And paler, perhaps, is the deep, dark blue
Of the bright and sparkling eye;

The hair once brown—"Just touched with gold"
May now be a silver gray;
The hand less firm, the step less bold,
The speech and the laugh less gay;

But these are the signs of immortal Youth
Which come from year to year,
As our journey toward Eternal Truth
Grows nearer, and more near.

Soon, our unwearied feet shall run—
Like eagles we shall soar
To reach our goal beyond the sun,
And be young forevermore.

A CHRISTMAS SONG

Oh! far and wide
At Christmas-tide,
The merry bells ring out;
From near and far,
The Christmas star
Is hailed with song and shout!

For long ago
In manger low,
A precious baby lay;
Who came to draw
By "love's sweet law",
All hearts the upward way.

To infant King,
The wise men bring
Their spices and their gold;
To him they bow,
And humbly vow
No homage to withhold.

"Peace upon earth!"
The Saviour's birth
The herald angels sing;
And then again:
"Good-will to men
From our Eternal King!"

O God on high!
Let earth and sky
Now join the angels' song
And praises bring
Our Saviour-King
In chorus loud and long!

"Glory to God!
Glory to God!"
The angels sing on high;
"Peace upon earth!
Peace upon earth!"
Let every heart reply.

CHRISTMAS DAY

Most blessed day of all the year
Is Christmas Day, so full of cheer;
A day when we our loved ones greet,—
Though miles apart, this day we meet.

What visions of the past appear
Of days long gone, to memory dear!
When we, so happy in our play,
Thought this the best of any day.

Such merry-hearted girls and boys
Exulted over books and toys;
For gift of book, or doll, or toy
Could fill each little heart with joy.

We cared not much about the Friend
Who all these gracious gifts did send;
But we have learned to love him well,
And now, he in our hearts doth dwell.

And so, the best of all the year
Is Christmas Day, so full of cheer;
In humble praise our hearts we lift
Because of God's most wondrous Gift.

WAIT

In the silence of the night-time
When the house is dark and still
Cometh to my heart a poem—
Cometh of its own sweet will.

Gladdens me with light that glimmers,
Glimmers faintly in my dream,
While outside the moonlight shimmers
Over hill, and vale, and stream.

Swift I rise and seize my pencil—
Strive to fix the thoughts so great;
But they hide in gloom and mock me,
Mock me with the one word: "Wait"

Once again I seek my pillow,
But with tossings to and fro—
Brain and body each are troubled
With the thoughts that come and go.

In the early dawn of morning,
Ere the day's work is begun;
Throbs my heart with aspirations—
Still ascending with the sun.

Will the steady light of noon-day
Bring that poem back to me?
Shall I, by the sun's clear shining,
All its hidden beauty see?

Cometh not! though noon-time fadeth
Into even-tide serene,
And my soul doth vainly question
What my pillow-guest could mean

By the whisper and the glimmer—
Light and sweetness to my heart,
Which, before my pen can trace them,
Hide in shadows, and depart.

"Wait!" the word was softly whispered—
'Twas the only one I caught
Of the many in the poem,
Which I since have vainly sought.

Wait till when? until in heaven
Mists from off these eyes shall fall?
And by clearer light 'tis given
Me to understand it all?

All the flying guests that vex me
With a word, and swiftly go—
All the questions that perplex me
With their flittings, to and fro?

Oh! the sweet anticipation
Of the things that are to be
In the bright and blessed future,
When our eyes shall clearly see!

THE COMING YEAR

'Tis morning's earliest hour. The waning moon
Her shadow-pictures gently casts upon
The glistening snow, and myriads of stars
Look brightly down upon the white-robed earth.
The music of glad bells makes vocal all
The waiting world. Oh! listen, when they cease
To ring, and we shall hear angelic hosts
Pass by! In gentle undulations come
And go, their voices, sweet, and soft, and low—
A promise and a prophecy of what
The coming year may be.

Its history

Must now begin upon the pages of
A fair, unwritten book. Ah! what shall be
The end? Upon the wrecks of former hopes,
And loves, and aspirations, shall we sink
Into despair? Or shall we build upon
The Rock, and rise into the clear, pure light
And freedom of the Truth?

This is a time

For faith, and hope, and love to make their best
Endeavors. Grieve not overmuch around
The graves of years gone by; but let us lift
Our eyes and see the glory that is yet
To be—when better, holier visions still
Our hearts with new-born joy shall fill—and we,
In glad response, shall join the angels' song.
Then, beckoning hands shall lead us on the way—
The shining, upward way—and strew our path
With flowers more fair than we have known in all
The past.

The bright new year has come! A gay
Young throng of happy, hopeful hours awaits
Us, if we fix our calm, persistent eyes
Upon the sweet and sunny side of life.

Behold the brightness! See the eastern sky
All flushed with gorgeous beauty, ere the sun
In silent majesty comes forth to greet
The youngest year!

His radiance is still
Undimmed, though he has smiled on all the years
In ages past, and looked in pity down
Upon the follies and the sins of earth.
Still kindly does he smile, and bring to each
New year a blessed boon from Heaven's great store.
He warms the earth, and guides the seasons in
Their course. His genial glow soon melts the ice
And snow, and gratefully the waiting earth
Responds.

At his behest, the gentle Spring
Appears, all laden with fresh buds and bloom—
The bright, sweet emblems of the life to be.
As gay, as fanciful as in the years
Gone by, she softly lays her offerings
Upon the shrine of youth then trips away,
Mayhap, to greet new years in other worlds.

Warm-hearted Summer next brings on her gifts
Of long, bright days, with flowers of brilliant hues,
And luscious fruits, and ripening grains and all
The wonders wrought by ardent heat.

Next comes
Fair Autumn, gorgeously arrayed, and on
Her face a glowing smile. She freely pours
Her bounties forth, till earth resounds with shouts
Of harvest home, and glad thanksgiving songs
Are sung by re-united friends.

Full soon
King Winter comes, and spreads his royal robes
Over the bare, bleak fields, and sprinkles soft